

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

## Rules for Young Writers.

Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. Use pen and ink, not pencil. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

Original stories or letters only will be used. Write your name and age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly, fact, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

## POETRY.

"Nayers" for Children.

Never cross the tracks by night or by day.

Without stopping to listen and look each way.

Never walk along the railroad ties—You can't always trust your ears and eyes.

Never hop a freight, for nothing quite heals The wound received under grinding wheels.

Never, on a hot or sunny day, Sit beneath a box car to rest or play.

Never crawl under a car of freight When the crossing's blocked—play safe and wait.

Never board or alight from a train that is moving. Accidents daily its dangers are proving.

Never play games 'round the tracks at the station—There are safer places to seek recreation.

Never leave on the rails any spikes or bars. Because, in this way, you may wreck the cars.

Never a railroad bridge should you cross, A train may come and result in your loss.

Never pick up coal 'round the railroad yard, A train may catch you off your guard.

—Edward L. Tinker, in Leslie's.

## UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Some children do not know how to play quietly in the house because they have never been taught how, and now that the cold and stormy winter days are coming their parents are wondering what they shall do?

Children who like to read or to draw or to paint, or to work out puzzles or to sew, are usually quiet children, while those who like to romp and shout and hammer are noisy children. The best children are those who after play pick and put away their playthings to save mamma work and who like to sweep the paths and fill the woodbox.

No Wide-Awake can be happy unless he has something to do, and children who do not know what to do get into mischief and into trouble.

The child who likes to do things should try and make something pretty or to something useful. Boxes and wheels and turntable can be made from cardboard and paper, and it is much better to see who can do the best piece of work than it is to see who can make the most noise.

Girls have dolls to dress and to play with and boys will gain more with pony carts and Noah's arks than they will with trumps, drums and other racket-creating implements.

We hope our Wide-Awakes will try to busy themselves during the cold weather in quiet pursuits and do something to help their parents or to help themselves.

The habit of idling in the child becomes a habit of idleness in grown folks. Make it a rule to do something which pleases you and that does not disturb others.

## THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Alice Conrad of Norwich, The Camp-Fire Girls at Sunrise Hill.

2—Gladys Young of Moosup, The Automobile Girls at Newport.

3—Clifford Congdon of Voluntown, The Boy Scouts of Uncle Sam.

4—Florida Reil of Versailles, The Meadowbrook Girls Across Country.

5—Mildred Morley of Eastville, The Swiss Family Robinson.

6—Marjorie B. Williams of Williamstown, Black Beauty.

7—Michael J. Burns of Fitchville, With Trampers Jim in the North Woods.

8—Grace I. Mahoney of Colchester, Grace Hallows's Return to Overton Camp.

9—Corrie Sellow, of East Hartford.

## Two Little Birds

Aileen Steere (15 years).

Two little birds sat up on a tree, Chirping and talking busily. Said one to the other, "Now, dear little brother, let's tell a story about one another: What we live, and where we play." Said one little bird with a straight little feather, "That looked as though he'd been exposed to the weather: I know a cottage by the way, Where in a little child lay, All alone the live-long day. Sick, with a broken back, folks say, And her mother is gone the live-long day. And her living in a house far away."

Said the little bird with a bright little feather, "Mine is a different tale altogether—Where I live a child is happy and gay, And does nothing but laugh and play all day. She has dolls and books, and games to play, Sings, and goes to parties gay. But, this child does some good in the world, little brother, She belongs to a club that helps one another. And one and two and all together, They visit the poor all kinds of weather."

A fair little girl sat under a tree, Considering industriously. She heard what the little bird said, And then a thought came into her head— "For, this is the rich little girl, you see. That was talked about by the birds on the tree. She ran to her sister, she ran to her mother. She told each brother; they told one another. And then the thought that came into her head. Was talked about till they went to bed. And next day Boosters—twenty and three— Went to the home of the poor little girl. With packages great and packages small. Packages long, and packages tall; And when they got there they chased one another on the gloom. And made bright and cheery that dear little room. And if you go there so happy and fine You'll see a girl with a healed spine; Now, they all prayed to God, and that made her well. And when anyone could tell, And, if you go there, you'll see her strong and true. For, she is now a Booster, too!"

## Gratuity.

Winners of books living in Norwich may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour Thursday after 10 a. m.

## LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Thelma Boynton of North Franklin: I want to thank you for the prize book you sent me. A Regular Tommy, and I think it is very comical and interesting.

Jared Maples, of Norwich: I received the prize books and have passed the pictures of that little one and read some of the stories in the big book. I was very much pleased to get them, and thank you very much for them.

Alice G. Kinney, of South Coventry: I received the prize book entitled Mamma's Maid in Fair Japan, and thank you very much for it.

## STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

## The Sphinx.

Do you know where Egypt is? Have you ever seen a picture of that grim monster, the Sphinx? She was the most famous riddle-maker in the world. Half lion and half woman, she sat speechless except when there fell from her cruel lips this question: "What is that animal which walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three at night?"

Woe to the person who had no correct answer to give her! The Sphinx ate him alive.

One day a very wise man came her way. The Sphinx asked him the usual question. He was already thinking when a new idea came into his mind. When, to her surprise, he gave the right answer!

"Man," he said, "When he is a child, he crawls on hands and feet; that is the morning of life; when he becomes a man, he walks erect on two feet; that is the noon of his life; when he is old, he leans on his cane, and that is the evening of his life."

It made the Sphinx so angry to have her riddle guessed that she killed her self, and so the world was rid of a terrible monster.

GRACE I. MAHONEY, Age 11, Colchester.

## A Four-Footed Assistant.

Off the coast of Alaska, on a small rocky island, is a little light station. A fog bell is connected with this light station, and when there is a dense fog the bell is used to warn vessels of the danger of coming too near the coast.

The light keeper has a large and very intelligent dog named Carlos. This dog has been trained to toll the fog bell when the weather is bad. So well trained is Carlos that when the fog comes he will run to the bell and begin to tug at the rope without waiting for his master.

"I do not see how I could get along without Carlos," the keeper declared. "I am all alone, and have no other assistant, but I can always rely on my dog. He knows his duty, and faithfully performs it, whether he is told to do so or not."

A. LOUISE PELQUIN, Versailles.

## Our Hunting Trip.

Last Saturday my uncle and I went squirrel-hunting. I took my dog along with us, because she is a good squirrel dog. We hardly reached the woods when the dog started to run and bark. We shot at it and it fell from the tree and the dog ran and picked it up and brought it to us.

We continued our hunt and by noon we had shot six squirrels apiece. After dinner we started out again and saw a flock of quail. We shot into the flock and killed three. About 5 o'clock we heard some hounds that were rustling through the woods searching for a fox. I would have liked to have seen the fox, but he disappeared.

We arrived home at 4 o'clock after getting twelve squirrels and three quails.

The next day we had a squirrel pie. I hope I shall go hunting next Saturday.

MICHAEL J. BURNS, Age 14, Fitchville.

## The King and the Girl.

A king who reigned in a state in a village. The school children and their teacher welcomed him, and a little girl recited a poem to him, with which he was much pleased.

"You have performed your task nicely," said the king.

But now I want to ask you some questions. Where does this belong?" he asked, and showed the child an orange.

"To the vegetable kingdom," answered the girl, shyly.

"Where does this belong?" asked the king again, and pointed to a gold piece.

"To the mineral kingdom," was the reply.

"Where do I belong, my child?" was the third question.

The child looked at the king pleasantly and said:

"To the kingdom of heaven."

Then a tear glistened in the king's eye, and he lifted the little girl up and kissed her.

ETTA MGRATH, Age 13, Bozrahville.

## The Boston Tea Party.

A little while after the French war the King of England wanted more

money to pay his soldiers. So he taxed the colonies. A tax was laid on paper, glass, lead and tea.

The East India company had sent quite a lot of tea to Boston, Charleston, Philadelphia and New York. In Charleston they had stored the tea in damp cellars, where it had spoiled. The tea was sent back from New York and Philadelphia.

One night the people of Boston had a meeting in the Old South church, and while they were having their meeting they heard an Indian warwhoop and 40 or 50 men dressed up as Indians came down the streets.

When they got to the boat they chopped open three hundred and forty-two chests of tea and threw it into the harbor.

The king was very angry with the people and ordered the trade to be shut off. The king thought that if he punished Massachusetts that the other colonies would act better; but instead they sympathized with Massachusetts and sent her rice and clothing and other provisions.

FRANCES DAVIS, Age 13, Eagleville.

## The Little Match Girl.

In the dark streets of New York, wandering about, was a little girl. She was very poor. She had no mother, and her father was very cruel to her.

She was clad in a ragged dress, much too big for her, and she never owned a pair of stockings.

It had been snowing very hard. The snow lay in heaps upon the ground. When she left home she had an old pair of ragged shoes on she had found, but they were too big for her, and she lost them off.

She sold matches for a living, but she had not sold a single one. She was so cold that her father would beat her if she had not sold any, and she did not dare go home.

On Christmas day, but she did not mind this, for she did not know what Christmas was.

She smelled the goose and all the good things being cooked. How she wished she had some.

She walked down the street until very late. At last when everything was quiet she crept into a house and cuddled up to the door as close as she could to keep warm.

She lit all the matches trying to keep herself warm. At last she fell asleep and dreamed she was in a lovely house with a Christmas tree and her mother at her side. How she wished she was with her.

The next morning when everybody was up there they found the little girl with the burned matches at her side.

The little match girl was taken to her father.

When her father saw her, how sorry he was; but the little match girl will not be lonesome any more, she will be with her mother.

THELMA BOYNTON, North Franklin.

## Clays.

Clays consist of the finer waste of the surface rock which is derived from the rocks by weathering and mechanical erosion and is stored in streams, lakes, seas and rivers and when the water is let off and the place is dried up, and some of the earth dug away sometimes clays are found in great areas, often with other metals.

There are four different kinds of clays, the Kaolin, Ancient, marine, brick and alluvial clay.

Clays are used to make drain tiles, pottery, paints, sewer pipes, and for building bricks and fire bricks and it is also used as a constituent of some papers.

Kaolin is a pure clay and it is produced by the wasting of Ancient crystalline rock. It is worked chiefly in Pennsylvania and North Carolina and it is employed in the making of pottery.

A great deal of clay is found around the Hudson river and it is made into bricks and floated down the river in scoops to New York city. The low grades of clays are made into stove ware.

From New Jersey southward the clays are Ancient Marine clays. Around the Great Lakes are the Alluvial clays, which are commonly made into bricks. New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Illinois are the leading states in the United States for clay production.

In 1911 there was \$162,000,000 products in the United States from clay.

MARJORIE B. WILLIAMS, Williamstown.

## Our Plan for Moving.

My parents always wanted to move, but at last we found out that a house on East Main street was for rent. My father inquired how much was the rent and we were told.

The next day my father and mother went to see the house and they liked it very much. They went up in the attic, and to their surprise found all kinds of dresses and what made me laugh was the bed which was covered with old straw.

Strewn on the floor were all kinds of postals away back to the year 1886.

The next week my mother planned to clean the house and we swept all the rooms, mopped the floor and washed the windows.

When we were all finished it was getting late. When we were half-way home my father met us in his team. The next day opened with a very bright morning and we all started to help pack. It took us quite a while to get packed up and to get things to rights in our new home.

When everything was in its proper place we sat out on the piazza and enjoyed the beautiful sunshine.

MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 14, Stafford Springs.

## It Always Pays.

The hour for his punishment had arrived. Father was waiting with a strap, but Jack did not mind. His mother went to look for him and found him in the cellar putting a geography inside his clothing where it would do the most good.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "I'm demonstrating the practical value of preparedness," replied the boy.

In recognition of his son's resourcefulness, his father declared an armistice and laid aside the strap.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Age 13, Versailles.

surprised to find themselves in yellow satin gowns.

"Now we can go to October's party," they cried in high glee.

Jack danced around the walnut tree and cracked the thick husks so that the nuts fell to the ground.

But the house was all Jack had with an old gray fence.

"Go away," said the fence, you make me cold!"

"Now, said Jack, painting it up and down with his crystal brush. The next morning the old fence wore a dress of icy spangles, soft and dainty as down.

JOHN WISNESKIE, Age 12, Yantic.

## A Dog's Love.

One day as William Carter, a young boy of nine, made his way through the bushes of his island home on which he and his parents were wrecked together, he saw a dog limping toward him.

Will went up to him and stroked his head: "I guess you'd better come along and have a sail with me to keep me company," he said.

The dog followed and soon, both were seated in a little boat. The sea was rough and they had not gone far before a sudden movement, capsize the boat and both were plunged into the sea.

The dog began to swim about as if nothing had happened. His thoughts seemed all for Will.

Then he saw him trying to get into the boat was a St. Bernard and St. Bernard never give up.

Soon Will's strength began to fail. The dog swam him by the collar and managed in some way to help him scramble into the boat, then he climbed in himself and settled down in the bottom of the boat.

When Will got his breath he stooped over to pat him.

"Good boy," he said, "But for you I would never have gotten to the boat. You shall always have a home with us, for your people were all lost in the wreck."

The dog rubbed his nose against Will's hand, he understood. They named him Hero and he lived to be a very old dog.

HELEN ERICKSON, Age 11, Baltic.

## "What Ailed the Bell."

It was the first day of school after a vacation. The children were playing in the yard. The teacher sat in the house waiting for the bell to strike to call the children to different rooms. The hands of the different clocks pointed to a quarter before nine.

The bell was a sort of gong fastened to the outside of the building and the sound of the bell was heard in the school yards. Very strange! The children were puzzled in play that they could not hear the bell, he thought. Then he pressed it more vigorously and still the shouts and laughter continued.

The master raised his window, dropped his hands and pointed to the bell. The children rushed into line like soldiers and waited for the second signal. The teacher pressed the knob, but there was no sound.

Then he sent a boy to tell each line to go and another to see why the bell did not ring.

What do you think the carpenter found? A little sparrow and its nest inside the bell.

The teacher told the children and asked if the nest should be taken out. There was a loud chorus of "No, sir!"

Every day the children would gather in the yard and look up at the nest. When the little birds were able to fly, they would fly to the yard and boys climbed on a ladder and cleared away the straw and hay so that the birds might call the children from play.

LORIANNE L. MARTIN, Plainfield.

## Uncle Ned's Story.

It was raining hard. Tom, Sam and Ben were playing in the attic. Sam kicked over a pile of clothes. "It's Uncle Ned's," said Tom. "Let's show him."

When Uncle Ned saw the valise he said, "Boys, that's a long story connected with that valise."

"Do tell us, Uncle Ned," said Ben. "I'm waiting on the good ship Ann Hardy." A young man joined the crew. He was rather weak and I helped him all I could. When we reached Bristol we left the ship and before me stood a man of about a year. I thought of him often. When he was on the ship he gave me the watch.

One day we were sailing along the street. A beggar started to ask me for some money. When he saw me gasped and ran away. I followed him and at last caught him. His face seemed familiar. I took him home, gave him good clothes and told him to wash clean. When I saw him in half an hour he was clean and before me stood that man whom I met on the Ann Hardy. I got him a suitable position and he came to live with me.

One day I was sitting at my mother at home. I sent for her. Later I married the girl. The man is now junior partner of the firm. Now, children, that man was your father.

JOHN CUSHMAN, Age 11, Stonington.

## LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

The Halloween Party.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about the Halloween party. I went away Friday night and had the party on Saturday night at half past seven.

We decided to have it in our friend's barn, saying there was lots of room to have a good time. There were fifteen of us all together.

In very corner of the barn there were stalks of corn. From the beams were pumpkins hanging. Some were Jack-o'-lanterns, and some were not cut. There was also a row of lighted lanterns hanging from the beams. We played bobbing for apples, but button, and played we were ghosts. We then sang Halloween songs. After we sat down and told many ghost stories which frightened us very much. About nine o'clock we had pumpkin pies, chicken, corn and many other good things.

When we left it was ten o'clock, and we were all very happy. I am sure we will try to have another party next year.

FLORIDA REIL, Age 10, Versailles.

## How She Spent Her Vacation.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you I spent my vacation. I was living in Plainfield at the time. The week after serv-us coffee was a trip to Norwich to see my little friend.

I spent a number of days with her, returning home Monday and the Saturday before the Fourth of July. I took an auto trip to New London and spent Fourth of July week with friends there.

Fourth of July morning we fired off fireworks at home and went down to the beach. In the afternoon it rained, but cleared away so we could go to see the fireworks in the evening.

I enjoyed my week very much and

returned just as huckleberries were beginning to ripen. I picked many quarts, of which I sold about five dollars' worth.

Then I had my little friend from Norwich come up for a visit of a few days with me.

Fape took us all in a big covered wagon on a fishing trip to Hopville. We looked like a band of gypsies.

When we reached Hopville we drove down to the shore. The ride down having given us an appetite we had lunch. Then we took off our shoes and stockings and went in wading.

We went up to a farm house to get a pail of water, and the farmer gave us some sweet apples. When we got back to the shore papa and mamma were out in the boat fishing. They soon returned to the shore and mamma started to prepare dinner.

Fape took us out fishing and my chum caught four and a caught five fish.

Soon mamma called us to dinner, and we went ashore and had our dinner. Then we tried fishing again, but our luck had failed us.

We arrived home at 5 p. m. The next day my chum went home and I began to prepare to return to school, which began Sept. 7, 1915.

ALICE CONRAD, Age 12, Norwich.

## Mary Cary.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last week, before I had won a book from the Bulletin, I read a book entitled Mary Cary. It was written by a woman named Mary Cary. I had not read it since that time, and it was as interesting to me as a new book.

For the benefit of those Wide-Awakes who have never read Mary Cary, I will write a story about her. Mary Cary lived in an orphanage with many other girls in her situation. Like all children she was somewhat lonely, and therefore was kept in while the others enjoyed themselves skipping and playing out-of-doors.

One reason for her having been kept in was because she had been sent to the pantry to clean some knives, and while nobody was in sight, she helped herself to some cookies. She had finished eating them and was busy about her task when finally a guardian came into the pantry. Of course, if she had not finished the crumbs from her lips and dress everything would have been satisfactory, but usually when a person does an improper thing they deserve some kind of a telltale mark and this is what Mary Cary had. She was punished for her disobedience.

One time two or three barrels of apples were sent to the orphanage, therefore the children were allowed one each day till the supply was exhausted, as they would not keep.

Many had been thinking of some way of earning money to buy a few Christmas presents, and the thought of selling her share of the apples came into Mary's mind. She was taken from her Sunday school agreed to pay five cents for each apple, and so Mary left the apple each morning in a hole in the wall and the always found her five pennies awaiting her.

Her parents had died a few years ago, but there was an uncle out there who knew nothing of her existence, but when Mary was caring for some babies she heard some conversation about him and knowing his address she wrote him a letter and he came and she was taken from the orphanage, her friends crying over her departure.

LILLIAN M. BREHAUT, East Norwich, N. Y.

## Often Tempted.

Dear Uncle Jed: There are many of us who are often tempted to do wrong things, but we know that if we would be in the wrong if we did these acts.

Sin is often the very essence of temptation, for unless one imagines that there is some good to be obtained by sin, there is no inducement to commit it.

The temptation in yielding to the temptation, that is, seeking to acquire the supposed good in a wrong and unlawful way. As we are constituted in the world, the